

THE CASEBOOK OF GREGORY HOOD

MAY 19, 1947

KHJ-8:30pm

MUSIC: SWEEP AND OUT

HERB: TIME!

SOUND: TICK TOCK ... CONTINUE IN BG

HERB: The Petri Family, the family that took time ... to bring
you good wine ... presents ...

MUSIC: PHRASE ... CUT SOUND UNDER:

HERB: The Casebook of Gregory Hood! Starring Elliott Lewis.

MUSIC: STING CHORD

HERB: In just a moment you will hear tonight's story ...

MUSIC: STING CHORD

HERB: "THE COUNTESS IS DISCOVERED"

MUSIC: CLIMAX CHORD

EC

MUSIC: THEME

ALLEN: Well ... It's that time again ... Time to join Gregory Hood and his friend and attorney Sanderson Taylor for another story from Greg's Casebook ... It's after theatre time at the Brown Derby, in Hollywood, and Greg and Sandy are in a booth with newspaper woman, Agnes Underwood, of the Los Angeles Herald and Express ... Aggie is telling Greg all about the Herald's new Radio Flash car ...

SOUND: DERBY

GREG: You mean these Herald Express reporters ride around in this super deluxe station wagon - and you can phone and check up on them whenever you want to, Aggie?

AGGIE: That's right, Greg ... It's a wonderful thing ... I can find a reporter at a minute's notice ... Get them to where the crime is taking place in the time it used to take the city desk to put in a phone call ...

GREG: This I'd like to see.

AGGIE: This you are going to see ... Tomorrow morning at six o'clock.

SANDY: Aggie ... You forget who you are talking to.

GREG: Why? Just because she said six o'clock in the morning? That's slander, Sandy ... It's not unusual for me to get up at six ... I've done it often ... Well ... Not often, but Aggie ... If I'm at your office at six in the morning, do I go for that ride in the radio car?

AGGIE: I'll assign a reporter to the car, and ... You'll go whenever he goes, which is whenever they want ...

GREG: You mean you'll be at your office at six in the morning?
AGGIE: Six mornings a week ... That's what I get for working for an afternoon paper, Greg.

SANDY: Well ... I can't do it, Greg ... I have that nine o'clock appointment with your local manager. And I hope you are not forgetting that you have a ten o'clock appointment with the Countess Serinski ... to discuss buying her jade collection.

GREG: Alright, Sandy. Stop browbeating me ... I'll be there ... But first ... I'm going to be the intrepid newshawk ... Sounds like fun.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK ... KILL IT

SANDY: Greg! Greg! It's five thirty.

GREG: (OFF) Who cares ... Go to sleep ...

SANDY: Greg ... You have to get up ... You've made that appointment to be at the Herald Express at six.

GREG: Oh ... Oh yeah ... What did you let me do that for anyway, Sandy ... You know how enthusiastic I get ... You should have stopped me!

SANDY: Fine chance ... Now get out of there, Greg ... And don't get involved in any murders and don't forget the Countess Serinski ... She's very important and ... That jade collection of hers is ...

GREG: Countess ... She's probably fifty, and fat, and ... I'm sure she has a ridiculous idea of what her jade is ...

Okay ... I'm up ... (SITS UP AND YAWNS) How do I get into these things, anyway?

TRANSITION

CITY ROOM ... HERALD EXPRESS ... HEARST TYPE NOISES

Perry Fowler this is Greg Hood ... The importer from San Francisco.

Hi ... Glad to know you, Hood.

He also dabbles in criminology, and ... wants to see how our radio Flash car works ... He's going with you this morning. Greg ... Perry Fowler, one of our top ratings.

(MUTTER)

Take him away, Perry ... Better get him some coffee to keep him awake. He doesn't look like he's going to last long.

TRANSITION

CAR UNDERWAY

Well, I'll have to admit this Radio Flash car is everything Aggie Underwood promised me.

It's the greatest thing on wheels. Sure makes life simple for the guys who have to cover the stories.

Aggie's quite a girl, isn't she?

Best newspaperwoman in town...I've worked with her for years... and our managing editor Jack Campbell

PERRY: Oh oh ... Here we go.

SOUND: PHONE SLIDES OUT OF CRADLE ... CLICK

PERRY: WJ 62348. Perry.

SOUND: CLICK

AGGIE: (F) City Desk ... Got a call for you.

SOUND: CLICK

PERRY: Right.

SOUND: CLICK

AGGIE: (F) Go to the home of Jane Moon ... 4110 Laurel Grove ...
Got that?

SOUND: CLICK

PERRY: Jane Moon ... 4110 Laurel Grove ... She's the club dancer?

SOUND: CLICK

AGGIE: (F) Right ... She just called in. Here's the dope. She was hooked up with Si Gillis, the mobster, for a couple of years so there's probably something in it. She says she can break Gillis's alibi for the time of Cleve Cain's murder ... From the things she called Gillis over the phone she's sore at him, and this is our chance to get her to talk while she's burning.

SOUND: CLICK

AGGIE: (F) She says she'll give us the dope for five hundreded ... If the story's worth it give her a voucher for the money.

PERRY: Will do ... I'm right on it, Aggie.

AGGIE: (F) Good ... Call in as soon as your are through talking to her.

SOUND: CLICK

PERRY: This is W.J. 62348 signing off.

SOUND: PHONE BACK IN CRADLE UNDER AND CAR TAKES OFF HELL BENT

PERRY: Well ... looks like you picked a good day for your ride, Hood ... Maybe you'll be in on the solving of a killing.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

AGGIE: Look, Perry ... You sure you want me to go in here with you? Might ruin everything.

PERRY: I want a witness when I talk with this babe ... We're going to be discussing dough in the amount of five hundred dollars, which is important money.

SOUND: KNOCK, KNOCK

PERRY: The door's ajar ...

SOUND: OPENS IT

PERRY: Miss Moon ... Miss Moon ... Sounds like I'm writing a

PERRY: I'm going to go in and take a look around.

SOUND: FADING FOOTSTEPS

PERRY: (OFF) Miss Moon ... It's Perry Fowler of the Herald Express ... You ... (TAKE) Oh oh. Hey ... Hood ... Come here ...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN ... HIT CARPET ... STOP

GREG: What's the matter? (SEES BODY) Oh ... Dead?

PERRY: Yeah ... Somebody cooled her ... What's it look like to you?

GREG: Close range, small calibre gun.

PERRY: How long ago?

GREG: Look ... I'm an importer ... I'm no authority in things like that ... My guess would be ten or fifteen minutes ago.

PERRY: Hm ... That's a close one ... If I had driven a little faster I could have got a picture of the murderer ... ~~Do you see a phone?~~

~~GREG: One in the hall ... ~~but they don't have the radio phone in the station wagon?~~~~

PERRY: ~~Quicker to use the regular phone than to get it.~~
Well, I
Better get this called in to the paper.

GREG: How about the police?

PERRY: I'll have the city desk call them ... This couldn't have happened at a nicer time for an evening paper.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN HOTEL HALL ... THERE'S A CARPET ... HI
CLASS

SANDY: Well ... Greg ... You act like this is all my fault ...
You having to leave that murder ... After all we did
come down here from San Francisco to see the Countess,
and make her a price on her jade collection.

GREG: You're right, Sandy, I sure hated to leave the scene of
that murder just as the police arrived.

SANDY: Murder is police business, Greg -- you're an importer.

SOUND: DOORBELL OFF

GREG: Don't worry, I'll be charming -- as a matter of fact, I
hope we can make a deal for this collection, Sandy - it's
supposed to be one of the finest in the world ... I sure
hated to leave just as the police arrived at that murder,
but ... I'll be charming.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

COUNTESS: Oh ... Hello, Mr. Hood.

GREG: (SHE'S YOUNG, AND SHAPELY, AND BEAUTIFUL) Oh ... Hello ..
Countess ... This is Mr. Taylor ... My attorney.

COUNTESS: I'm very happy to know you, won't you come in?

GREG: I'll be happy to.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN DOOR CLOSE

GREG: I didn't expect to see ... I mean ... I just had an idea
that you would be ... a ... older, Countess ...

COUNTESS: You would rather have me older?

GREG: What a question ... I'm awfully glad I came .. You know
... I left a murder to come here.

GREG: That's right ...

COUNTESS: Oh - I know - Criminology is your avocation, isn't it, Mr. Hood.

GREG: Um hum.

COUNTESS: It is mine ... too.

GREG: Yours?

COUNTESS: Indeed ... I have made quite a study of it.

GREG: Well! Fine! I have here a clue ... I've been dying to work on ...

SOUND: PIECE OF PAPER OUT OF POCKET

SANDY: Wheredid you get that, and what is it, Greg?

COUNTESS: It's a sheet of blank paper ...

GREG: You're the rightest beautiful young lady in Los Angeles, Countess ... but ... I've got ideas about this piece of blank paper ... You see ... I found a scratch pad lying in the corner of the room where Jane Moon had been killed ... It was obvious that someone had thrown it there ... I think it might have been the murderer ... So ... I just tore off the top sheet, and brought it with me.

SANDY: Why?

GREG: Well ... In the first place there might be fingerprints on it ... In the second place there might be a message ... See?

COUNTESS: Yes ... Hold it up against the light, Mr. Hood ... There is a trace through on the paper.

GREG: Yeah ... Say ... That's pretty sharp, Countess.

COUNTESS: I will go get some of my dark powder ... Wait here.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADING ... DOOR OPENS ... OFF UNDER:

SANDY: Well, Greg. I hope you haven't forgotten what you came here for. The police probably have the murderer in jail by this time ... The jade ...

GREG: (INTERRUPT) Isn't she lovely, Sandy ... All that, and a title too? (WHISTLE)

SANDY: Her father was a very important man in Russia under the Czars, Greg.

GREG: I know ... I know ... and the jade collection I'm going to try to buy was part of the Romanoff Crown Jewels brought out of Russia by her mother ... Don't worry, Sandy ... We'll get to the jade.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE OFF

COUNTESS: (FADE IN) Give me that piece of paper, Mr. Hood ... This powder is very fine ... Very dark ... For my California Suntan, of course.

GREG: I'll hold the paper ... sift a little on there ... (PAUSE) There ... That's right ... Enough.

SANDY: Will you tell me what you're doing?

GREG: It's simple ... And it's working ... See, Sandy ... There was a message written on the page on top of this one on the memo pad ... Whoever wrote it bore down on the pencil enough to leave the indentation of the message on this sheet ... The powder settles into the indentations, and ... let's see ... The first word is ... "Photo"...

COUNTESS: Photo ... Of ... Opening day ... Santa Anita ... last ... Christmas ... In display window ... Gene Lester's studio ... 1487 No. Vine.

SANDY: Well ... Now that you know that, what does it mean?

COUNTRESS: We'd better get right down there, Mr. Hood ... I feel a great desire to see that photo.

GREG: You do? I feel an ever greater desire, because I know what to look for ... come on.

SANDY: Well, I have to attend that meeting with the lawyers of the estate you're buying.

GREG: Okay, Sandy ... we'll be a cozy twosome, Countess. Let's go see Gene Lester.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: PHOTO STUDIO OFFICE .. VERY REFINED ... FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

GENE: (OFF) Hello, Greg ... You old son of a gun, how are you?

GREG: Fine ... This is Countess Serinski ... Gene Lester ... Hollywood's Premier photographer ... Gene ... You had a picture in your display window yesterday ... Santa Anita, opening day this year.

GENE: Sure ... Took it for one of my Saturday Evening Post layouts ... Didn't use that particular picture tho ... I don't know what it was doing in the display window.

GREG: I want a copy of it.

GENE: I don't get it! There was guy in here this morning ... Gave me a hundred and fifty bucks for the picture ... All the copies of it, and the original negative ... I sold it to him ... like finding money.

GREG: Did you know the man?

GENE: Uh, uh ... Big burly guy ... very smooth ... Never saw him before ... That I know of.

print of that picture someplace ... Was it ever used anywhere?

GENE: No ... The guy asked me that ... It's never been reproduced in print. What's all the excitement about.

GREG: I'll have to tell you the details later ... Now all I'll tell you is that it's evidence in a murder ... I have to have a print of it.

GENE: Okay, Greg ... There's a card in the index that says the only print in existence that my customer didn't get is over at "Westways". That's the Auto Club of Southern Cal's Magazine ... It's never been returned ... I'll call Mr. Doig and he'll hold it there for me ... You're welcome to that one ...

GREG: Fine ... I'll call there for it ... Will you call Mr. Doig and tell him I'm on the way over?

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: OFFICE OF AUTO CLUB

GREG: Well ... Thank you very much, Mr. Doig ... Let's go, Natasha ...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS THROUGH OFFICE ... MARBLE FLOOR

COUNTESS: Aren't you going to look at that picture?

GREG: Wait until we get outside.

SOUND: SWINGING DOOR ... BRASS ... CROSSFADE OFFICE NOISES WITH
NOISES AT ADAMS AND FIGUEROA ... OPENS ENVELOPE ...
FOOTSTEPS CUT

GREG: Now ... let's see ... Clete Cain was killed on Christmas Day ... That's about all I remember about the case ... Si Gillis was under suspicion for the killing ... Had an alibi.

COUNTESS: The picture ... Where does the picture enter the picture?

GREG: Now there's a sentence ... Hm ... Lots of people ... Look Natacha ... There he is ...

COUNTESS: Where ...?

GREG: Right there ... There's Gillis ... That heavy set guy, with the blonde girl and the brunette cigar ... Right there ... See? I've got to get to a phone and call Perry Fowler ... I need some information.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: CAR IN MOTION ... BELL RINGS

PERRY: Well!!!

SOUND: CAR SLOWS ... PHONE OUT OF CRADLE ... CLICK

PERRY: WJ 62348 ... Perry.

GREG: (P) Perry ... Greg Hood ...

PERRY: Hi, Greg. How did you know how to reach me in this rig?

GREG: You told me, call long distance, ask for Mobile operator -- give her your call number -- simple. Look ... where was Si Gillis supposed to be at the time of Clete Cain's murder?

SOUND: CLICK

PERRY: Hey ... You're throwing that at me kind of fast ... Si ...
let's see ... Oh yeah ... The law built a perfect case
against Si ... He had had a beef with Clete about a big
debt and had been heard to threaten to kill him ...
Couldn't get an indictment on Si because he proved he was
in Miami on Christmas Day, when Clete was murdered.

SOUND: CLICK

GREG: I've got evidence that Si was in town the day of the
murder. Evidence that'll break that alibi ... Meet me
in front of the Automobile Club if you want the story of
the year.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

gf

MUSIC: THEME

ALLEN: Greg Hood and Sandy, in Los Angeles to look at the Jade collection of Countess Serinski, met Agnes Underwood, Assistant City Editor of the Herald Express....Thru Aggie, Greg arranged for a ride with Perry Fowler in the Herald Express' Radio Flash car... On the ride he runs into the murder of Jane Moon. Through a clue he picks up at the scene of the murder he finds a picture which contradicts the alibi of Si Gillis for the time of the murder of Clete Cain. Greg calls the radio car...and Perry Fowler meets them...

SOUND: TRAFFIC

GREG: Here it is, Perry...This picture...It was taken by Gene Lester at the opening of Santa Anita...this year...that was the day of Cain's murder, and the day Si Gillis says he was in Miami.

PERRY: Yeah...

GREG: There he is...Spotted right here in Los Angeles the day of the killing...See him? Right there! With that blonde girl on his arm!

PERRY: Oh, brother...This is sensational...We've got that Gillis torpedo right where he doesn't want to be...Hey...That dame. She rings a bell with me.

COUNTESS: You know her?

PERRY: Yeah...Yeah...She's Barbara Carter....The society dame...Used to sing in one of Si's clubs...Just for a lark, you know... Didn't know she was horsing around with Si....She should have been smarter than that. He's poison.

GREG: Okay, Perry...There's your story.

PERRY: I'll phone it in to Aggie...Then I'll put in a call to the cops and have them pick up Gillis...Then...how would you like to go with me out to see this Carter dame?

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP SIDEWALK

PERRY: How do you like this house....I parked a half a block away to keep from scaring this Carter dame...It's not as big as the Union Station but it's a lot fancier.

COUNTESS: This Carter girl...she is very rich?

PERRY: Her old man owns half the oil in the state...that's all...she needed that job singing. Hope she's in a talking mood, Aggie's standing by to remake the front page.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS

GREG: She'll talk...Let me handle it.

SOUND: DOORBELL

PERRY: So you're a countess...huh? You sure don't act like one.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

GREG: Is Miss Barbara Carter in?

MAID: Yes...Who may I say is calling?

GREG: The Herald Express...We'll just go on in...she's expecting us.

MAID: She's in the breakfast room...Right through there.

GREG: Thanks.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE...FOOTSTEPS

GREG: Well...I don't know...But...I'll ask her when I see her.

MAID: Miss Carter...These people are from the Herald Express...

BARB: (OFF) Well...I'm always glad to see the press, but isn't this a little early?

GREG: Perhaps...Just go right on eating. We can talk...This is pretty private.

BARB: Really? You may go, Marie.

MAID: Yes, Miss Barbara.

BARB: You know...I don't think you're from the Herald...I think you're Gregory Hood...we've met, in San Francisco.

GREG: Of course...This is the Countess Serinski...She's not from the Herald Express either.

BARB: Oh...Gregory Hood...And a Countess...This is quite a morning for me... The other gentleman...A Congressman, maybe?

PERRY: I'm Perry Fowler, of the Herald Express...

GREG: You're in a little trouble, Barbara...We'd like to help you.

BARB: What kind of trouble am I in?

GREG: Take a look at this picture....It was taken last Christmas day. At Santa Anita...Very nice picture of you...

BARB: (SHAKEN) Yes.

GREG: The man you are with; don't deny it, he is hanging on to your arm. And you're looking into his eyes...He's a thug by the name of Si Gillis. He's wanted for murder...

BARB: Murder?

COUNTESS: Please, Miss Carter...You must have known all of this.

GREG: His alibi at the time he was arrested had him in Miami the day this picture was taken...You must have read about it in the papers.

BARB: I don't know what you mean. I don't know anything about a murder.

GREG: Well...There's been another one committed...You know a girl named Jane Moon?

BARB: Well ---

GREG: The girl Si Gillis was going with when he met you? She was killed this morning.

BARB: NO!

GREG: For knowing about this picture...She was keeping her mouth shut, too...Until she saw you with her man, at the races... Now she's dead...You're next if you don't help us put Gillis behind bars where he can't get to you...There's the evidence, Barbara. Start talking.

BARB: I don't know what to do...I've been scared to death ever since the day...Christmas...

GREG: Why didn't you go to the police.

BARB: Because I saw Si kill Clete Cain...I was there in the apartment when it happened...We stopped there on the way back from the races...Si and Clete got into an argument and Si killed him...I'm glad to tell somebody.

COUNTESS: Why didn't you tell somebody before.

BARB: Si told me I was an accessory...And besides...My folks... The notoriety...

GREG: That's all too bad...Now...If you don't want to be dead... You'd better tell the District Attorney...You'd better slip on a coat and come down there with us, right now...Tell your whole story.

BARB: I will...I'll be glad to.

PERRY: Look, Greg...I'm going to get to the radio car and phone in what we've got... ~~but~~ ^{but} tear the whole front page out for this.

GREG: Would you like to drive us down to the D.A.'s office in your car, Barbara...We couldn't all get into that radio car anyway. There's only one seat in it. The whole back end is full of radio equipment.

BARB: Of course...I'll drive you down.

PERRY: I'll see you down there, Greg... (FADING) So long, CountessSee you later too, I hope.

COUNTESS: Barbara...you're a brave girl. This was a very difficult decision to make...But it is the only one...You can't go on the rest of your life under the threats of this man...As long as you know what you know about him, you are in danger if he is at large.

BARB: I'm glad to go with you...I've always known he'd try to kill me sooner or later...I'll get my coat.

GREG: Go with her, Countess...I'll wait here...

BARB: (RUEFULLY) I suppose there will be pictures...I want to look my best.

COUNTESS: Come on.

SOUND: FADING FOOTSTEPS

MAID: (CUE)(OFF) Could I talk with you a moment?

GREG: Sure, come on in.

MAID: Miss Barbara...She's in trouble...I know.

GREG: You were listening?

MAID: Yes...But only because I knew she was in trouble...I knew it before...

GREG: Oh?

MAID: She is a very fine girl, Mr. Hood...She has never done anything wrong. Will she go to prison?

GREG: I can't think so... Not if she...appears as a witness against Si Gillis.

MAID: He is a bad man...He called here this morning...twice...

GREG: He did?

MAID: Yes...He's demanded that Miss Barbara meet him someplace...
I cannot tell you all about the conversations, but...I
answered the phone both times...The second time he was very
angry with her...and she was frightened...

MUSIC: TRANSITION

COUNTESS: (OFF) We're ready, Greg.

GREG: Okay.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

COUNTESS: (FADE IN) You look perfectly gorgeous Barbara. The
District Attorney and the newspaper men will be in on your
side, don't you worry.

GREG: Let's go...That your car in the driveway, Barbara?

BARB: Yes...I'm scared, Mr. Hood.

GREG: Nothing to be frightened of now...Come on.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS OUT ONTO PORCH DOOR CLOSES...

FOOTSTEPS ACROSS PORCH DOWN STEPS AND ON CEMENT DRIVEWAY
UNDER

GREG: You didn't tell me that Si Gillis had been calling you...
You're a lucky girl you didn't go out to meet him, like he
wanted you to.

BARB: I know what he wanted...I know that sooner or later he'd...
try to get rid of me...I've been an awful fool.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

GILLIS: (OFF) Get right in...You get in the back seat here with me,
Barbara.

BARB: Sir

GILLIS: Get in.

SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES

GILLIS: Don't get fancy there...Handsome...This gun would make an
awful hole in this dame's ribs if you made a move..Get in.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

GREG: Get in, Countess.

GILLIS: Countess! Well...isn't that charming...Get in! And now
handsome...Get under that wheel...You've just been promoted
to chauffeur.

GREG: Okay.

SOUND: IN THE CAR...CAR DOOR CLOSED...CAR STARTED

GREG: Where to?

GILLIS: Out to the Coast Highway...I've got a little hideout up in
the Malibu mountains that looks like the next move...Get
going.

SOUND: CAR STARTS OUT INTO

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: CAR IN TRAFFIC

GILLIS: Slow down there...We're in no hurry...You're a smart guy...
You're going to try to get pinched for speeding...Take it
easy...I don't want to talk to any law...

SOUND: MOTOR SLOWS DOWN

GILLIS: That's nice and cozy.

GREG: I'm glad you're happy.

COUNTESS: What are you going to do with us?

GILLIS: Well...What do you think? If any one of the three of you
are alive...I'm going to be dead...You know too much...I
don't have much choice, do I? Are you really a countess?

COUNTESS: Yes...Does that make a difference?

GILLIS: Not especially...I've never seen a countess before...Are
they all as pretty as you?

COUNTESS: I don't think so...

GREG: You're absolutely right...

GILLIS: What are you sniveling about Barbara...

BARB: I got them into this...Now...We're all going to be killed.

GILLIS: Crying's not going to help it any...There's nothing the
matter with being dead...You don't have any tomorrows to
worry about...Or any yesterdays to regret...No work to do...
No double crosses...No cops

GREG: You're sold on it, why don't you try it?

GILLIS: I'm not the type...Hey....What are you looking at in that
rear view mirror? (TURNS AROUND) Cops...A prowler car...Don't
speed up...

GREG: Okay....

GILLIS: They won't pay any attention to us if you don't speed up

GREG: Okay...I'm taking it easy....

GILLIS: You're a smart guy...Hey...Those cops are tailing us, aren't they? Why don't they pass us? Slow down.

GREG: Okay...

SOUND: MOTOR SLOWS

GILLIS: That's better, maybe they'll go around us.

GREG: Maybe...

GILLIS: You don't seem to be very worried...Handsome.... You think you beat this rap? You got some plans?

GREG: I'm doing it your way, am I not? This slow enough...?

GILLIS: Pick it up a little...Hey what's that ahead of us...

SOUND: SIREN'S UP....IN B.G.

GILLIS: It's a road block....Stop the car! Stop it!

GREG: You can't get away...There are two police cars behind us... and two in front...

GILLIS: Stop it...Let go my arm you little fool....Let go...

BARB: No....

SOUND: SIRENS COME IN...SHOT

BARB: Screams.

GREG: Give me that gun...Give it here...

COUNTESS: I'll scratch your eyes...out...Let go of that gun.

SOUND: SMACK

GREG: I've got it.

SOUND: CLUNK ON HEAD...CARS COMING IN ON ALL SIDES...SIGNS FALE
OUT, ON MIKE

GREG: He's cold... That bat over the head with the pistol did it..
You get to Barbara, Countess she's been shot...Painted.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: DERBY AT NIGHT

GREG: Whew...What a day...Tired, Countess?

COUNTESS: A little...Not too tired to go dancing tho, Gregory...Look
at that front page...

GREG: Yeah...I guess you're a big man down at the paper now,
aren't you, Perry?

PERRY: I wouldn't have looked so good if I hadn't had that Radio
Flash car ... I was following you, and wondering why you
were heading for the beach instead of the DA's office.
When I got a look at your passenger...I called the cops on
my radio phone, and kept right on with them all through the
chase.... They got a lot of prowl cars concentrated on our
route, and set up that road block.

SANDY: I guess you're pretty thankful for radio, aren't you, Greg?

GREG: Don't be so conservative, Sandy.... The countess and I have
just arranged to make a yearly pilgrimage to Marconi's
tomb...When I saw the Herald Express car in my rear view
mirror I got a lot younger.

PERRY: That play by play account of the chase as it came in over
the radio phone makes good reading, doesn't it, Countess?

COUNTESS: I love it... My name is mentioned so many times...

SANDY: Well, Greg... Now that the excitement is over... Surpr...

GREG: I've got bad news for you, Sandy.

SANDY: Bad news?

GREG: Yes...We're not going to get the jade collection.

COUNTESS: You didn't read the paper.

SANDY: Well... I haven't studied it.

GREG: You see, Sandy... The countess was going to sell that jade because she needed a little money.

SANDY: Ohhhh....

GREG: Now she doesn't... This story here will tell you why.

SANDY: Um...(READS) Heroine signed for pictures.." Hmmm...
"Beautiful Countess Natasha Sorinski, Heroine of today's capture of killer Si Gillis was signed by Producer Al Kline for a leading part in his next picture, "The Lady In The Castle" after he had seen her photograph in early editions of the Herald Express..." Oh...I see...Well, Greg....I suppose we'll be going back to San Francisco tomorrow... We never got anything done on these trips...

MUSIC: CURTAIN

mb

CLOSING

HERB: The Casebook of Gregory Hood is written by Ray Buffum.
Original music composed and played by Dean Fossler.
Elliott Lewis plays the part of Gregory Hood and Sanderson
Taylor is played by Howard McNear.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN UNDER

HERB: The Petri Wine Company of San Francisco, California invites
you to tune in again next week, same time, same station.
"The Casebook of Gregory Hood" comes to you from our
Hollywood Studios.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN UNDER

HERB: This is Herb Allen saying goodnight for the Petri Family.
The family that took time --

SOUND: TICK TOCK...ESTABLISH & HOLD UNDER FOR B G

HERB: To bring you good wine.

SOUND: TICK TOCK...ESTABLISH & HOLD UNDER FOR B G

HERB: (ON CUE) For a solid hour of exciting mystery drama, listen
every Monday to, Richard Davis - Private Investigator,
followed immediately by "The Casebook of Gregory Hood".
THIS IS THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM.